

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1887.

NUMBER 398.

Common Council Proceedings.

SPECIAL MEETING.
WEDNESDAY EVE., AUG. 10, '87.

Mayor presiding.

Roll called; absent Ald. Denbel.

PETITIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Hon. the Common Council of the City of Ypsilanti:

The undersigned respectfully request permission to erect a coal shed 20 x 30 feet in the rear of their premises and fronting on the rear of the Michigan Central railroad.

Ypsilanti Machine Works.

On motion of Ald. Kinnar, prayer of petitioners granted.

YPSILANTI, Mich., Aug. 4, 1887.

Hon. Mayor and Common Council of the City of Ypsilanti:

Gentlemen.—We will substitute towers one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet high for the ones 75 feet high now, costing \$100 for you, for the sum of four hundred dollars in addition to present contract price. Respectfully,

Jenney Electric Company,

Per Jas. R. Ayer.

On motion, proposition was accepted and change ordered.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

From City Attorney—

To the Honorable Common Council:—Sirs:—I enclose a statement of the character, among other things, that no "real estate" or any interest therein shall be purchased, sold or disposed of, unless by ordinance or resolution of the Common Council or resolution of the two-thirds of all the aldermen elect. The question is submitted to me, whether under this section, the leasing of land for term of years, requires a concurring vote of two-thirds of the aldermen elect.

That the question whether the expression "interest in real estate" includes a lease for a term of years, is not definitely answered, a show by recent decision—a newspaper copy of which is hereto attached—of Attorney General Garland, in which he held that the word "interest in real estate" in a statute of the United States should not be extended to include a lease.

In my opinion, however, the language of our statutes and the common law decisions show clearly that the words "interest in lands" or "real estate" are meant to include all leasehold interests. In section 6179 of Huron's Statutes, the expression, "interest in lands" is used with reference to leasehold interests.

Our charter must be presumed to have been granted by the Legislature of the State of the United States. It therefore follows that the leasing of real estate requires a concurring vote of two-thirds of all the aldermen elect.

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. R. WITTMAN, City Attorney.

Accepted and filed.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. Folmar—

Resolved, That the Com. on Street Lights be and are hereby instructed to purchase the lot on Forest Ave., situated at the corner of Forest and 87½ ft. N. and S. and to erect an electric light plant such as the Council have contracted for. Said deed to contain right of way for side track to said building over the land of said Gas Company from their present site there, also right to use water from the land of said Gas Co.

Adopted.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

D. C. Griffen, auditor of fine money collected during month of Aug. 1887.

Reported and filed.

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS.

Ypsilanti Gas Co., lighting lamps, July. \$71.70

G. C. Carlton & Co., supplies, fire dept., 60.50

M. Cremer, supplies and street work, 54.20

S. Hutchinson, police, 18.00

Yates 9. Nays 0.

REGULAR MEETING.

MONDAY EVE., AUG. 15, 1887.

Council met.

Mayor presiding.

Roll called; absent Ald. Denbel.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

D. C. Griffen, auditor of fine money collected during month of Aug. 1887.

Reported and filed.

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS.

Ypsilanti Gas Co., lighting lamps, July. \$71.70

G. C. Carlton & Co., supplies, fire dept., 60.50

M. Cremer, supplies and street work, 54.20

S. Hutchinson, police, 18.00

Voted from respective Ward Funds.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. Folmar—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk four feet in width to be constructed on the north side of Oak street, adjoining Nos. 551, 555, 559 and 567 Forest Ave., down to and including the same within ten days from date, said walk to comply with the requirements of Ordinance No. 19, relating to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed by Common Council the 20th day of February, 1887.

And if any person before whose premises such walk is hereby ordered to be erected or re-constructed within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk, and a fair valuation of the expense, with the same to be charged to the party so employed, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent. additional.

Drafted Aug. 15, 1887.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

By Ald. Neat—

Resolved, That the Com. on Street Lights be and are hereby instructed to purchase the lot to not to exceed \$200, a lot of the Ypsilanti Gas Co. on Forest Ave., said to be 52 ft. 8 in. on Forest Ave. and 87½ ft. N. and S. and to erect an electric light plant such as the Council have contracted for. Said deed to contain right of way for side track to said building over the land of said Gas Company from their present site there, also right to use water from the land of said Gas Co.

Adopted.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

By Ald. Neat—

Resolved, That Geo. Mallion be and is hereby appointed engineer of the steam fire engine, subject to "evocation by the Council and under the orders of the Chief Engineer and Com. on Fire Dept."

Adopted.

By Ald. Kirk—

Resolved, That the Council adopt next arms, by which two poles and wire, for suspension of street lights.

Adopted.

By Ald. Boyce—

Resolved, That the Clock is hereby instructed to notify James W. Case as to termination of his contract as required by his contract.

Adopted.

By Ald. Kirk—

Resolved, That the Council adopt next arms, by which two poles and wire, for suspension of street lights.

Adopted.

By Ald. Boyce—

Resolved, That Allen Pierce be and he is hereby appointed to make arrests without, however, a writ of habeas corpus.

Adopted.

By Ald. Kirk—

Resolved, That Geo. Stevenson, night watchman on the west side, be and he is hereby empowered to make arrests without, however, a writ of habeas corpus.

Adopted.

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Adopted.

By Ald. Kirk—

Resolved, That the Council adjourn to Monday Eve., Aug. 22, 1887, at 7:30 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLYN,

City Clerk.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—President Willits opened the commencement exercises at the Agricultural College at Lansing, last Sunday, with a baccalaureate sermon upon "Ascentism, or, Muscular Christianity," which was pronounced a deep and thoughtful discourse, well delivered. The graduating class embraced twenty-four members who were present, and twenty who were suspended a year ago, but whom it was decided to graduate and send their diplomas to them.

Cheerful and thrifty, if not Grammatical, Belville Enterprise.

We are always glad to publish obituaries, and if there is any legal notices to be published afterwards we like to publish them also.

A Sharp Subject.

Scissors, shears, razors and carving knives, ground and sharpened in first-class manner, at Geo. Witmire's barbershop, on Huron street.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITH & POWERS, Publishers.

(GEO. C. SMITH, — PERRY F. POWERS.)

THE YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, south side of Congress street.

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main sufficient time for the beans to mature. To the pastures the rain will be of very great benefit, and meadows will escape some permanent injury that was imminent. New seeding is entirely lost, as it was last year, and many fruit and shade trees not yet dead will doubtless be unable to recover from the injury inflicted by two such seasons. If we had had an adequate city water supply, enough loss of this kind in town could have been prevented, to cover the cost of its maintenance.

The August crop report gives the average yield of wheat from all threshings reported in the four southern tiers of counties in Michigan, as ranging from 9.9 bushels in Ingham to 20.18 in Lapeer. Washtenaw is quoted at 11.09, Wayne 14.26, Monroe 12.19, Hillsdale 10.73, Oakland 15.07, Livingston 12.06. Oats are estimated at 29 bushels and a half at 22. Corn is called less than a fourth. The state weather report for July shows a general deficiency from the normal rainfall for the whole state of 14 inches. Washtenaw had less than one inch during July, while the general average should be 3½ inches.

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—We are happy to chronicle an additional rain, which lasted half of the day yesterday, and thoroughly wet the ground to a depth of several inches.

Obituary.

Mrs. Julia Neat, widow of John Neat and mother of Geo. A. Neat of this city and Mrs. A. C. Clark and A. W. Neat of West Bay City, died at the residence of her son on East Cross street, yesterday, of cancer of the stomach. She had been ill about a year. Deceased was a native of Montreal, and had lived here forty-five years. Her age was 62. The burial occurs to-morrow (Friday) at 3 p. m.

Communicated,

Mr. Will W. Stevens, whose death occurred about noon, Tuesday, Aug. 9, was the son of Mrs. Hannah Stevens, residing on Groye Street in this city. He was but twenty-nine years of age, and to within a few months none of his many friends could have believed that such consumption could ever assail his strong manhood. During the past nineteen years in which his home has been in this city, he had a wide circle of acquaintances, both here and in neighboring towns; and the few of these who knew him more intimately found an unusual enjoyment in his society, and hold the memory of his life and personal character most precious.

For the past six years he had been employed on the Wabash Rail Road, and had shown such thorough mastery of the road's work, such competence and fidelity to the trusts imposed upon him, that promotion readily rewarded his efforts. His aptness in the work gained him the confidence of his employers, the respect and regard of the men under his supervision, and brought all within his business and social circles to hold him in their high esteem.

The visits he made to his home friends and intimate acquaintances in this city during these past six years have been looked forward to with extreme pleasure, and have always proved the loyalty of his manhood and affection and established ever new bonds of devotion.

The year before he left for his duties upon the railroad he finished his five years' service in the State Light Guards, among whom, by his soldierly bearing and fine physique, he had shown himself a true soldier upon whom in any hour of danger his country might rely with confidence, that hardships would be borne and duties would be performed with faithfulness.

His plans had been for life and not for death. With all the hope of young manhood he was looking forward to a home of his own, and at first it seemed that to die was to give up all. Who that did not know and share his plans can tell how hard the struggle? With every power of mind and body he fought to maintain life and regain health; but the disease had seized him almost before its approach was imagined. With the end came peace, and he was able a few weeks before his death to say "God's will be done."

All that loving hearts and hands could do; all that an efficient physician could devise; all that a tried and trusted friend could do, was done to save, and then to prolong the life so precious. During the past year his sufferings had been severe, but he bore all without a murmur in patient heroism. Life lay spread out before him with all its charms, but he entered the life immortal without a fear, with a calm and trustful hope in faith that his "Redeemer liveth."

The services conducted by Rev. G. H. Grannis were held from the house at three o'clock Thursday last.

For Sale.

For sale on easy terms, my house and lot, No. 12 Oak street. Lot is 100 x 215 feet. Has an abundance of fruit. A well that never fails. If not sold by Oct. 1st, will be for rent.

M. H. BROOKS.

Try C. H. Foster's new crop teas.

Attempted Grave Robbery.

Midnight Ghouls Desecrate the Fair Resting Place of Ypsilanti's Dead.

One of those crimes that outrage the tenderest and

A Georgia physician has succeeded in removing a half-pound tumor from a hen.

One more whack at railroad legislation and the conductor will have to pay his fare like the passengers.—*San Francisco Alta*.

One year's undisturbed possession of a set dog will destroy the veracity of the best man in America.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*.

A poor little college does not make a man bigger by giving him a title that is to be added to his name and become a nuisance forever.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A writer on political economy says: "It's the little leaks that tell." Yes, indeed; little leak will give you away as fast as an overgrown onion.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Young wife (petulantly) "Well, even if I don't come to meet you every night as I used, what does it signify?" Young husband—"That we have been married six months."—*Life*.

To look like the majority of the pictures in fashion magazines a woman would have to carry her stomach under her chin and her liver in the small of her back.—*New York Graphic*.

It is a problem of mathematicians to decide which will make a man start the quicker, a Canada thistle in his chair or an invitation to "have something" with a friend.—*Dansville Breeze*.

Tourist—"How long has this been a prohibition town?" Native—"Six weeks." Tourist (to his friends) "We're all right boys. Here, Johnny, show us the way to the best saloon."—*Burke Eagle*.

"Temperance," says an esteemed contemporary, "puts coal on the fire." Away with temperance for the next four months, then! What we want now is something that puts ice on it.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Lend me \$5; I need them very much." "What for?" "I want to pawn my watch." "But you don't need any money for that." "Indeed I do. I must get it from the watchmaker's first."—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

A possible tenant inspects a cottage to rent, and inquires about the quality of the air. "The air!" cries the landlord, "the air is wonderful! One becomes a centaurian quicker here than anywhere else."—*French Fun*.

Blasphemy—What makes you look so cheerful to-day, Dempsey? Dempsey.—My daughter left the window open yesterday and our piano was struck by lightning. You can't imagine what a relief it is.—*Burlington Free Press*.

Lightning knocked over three men who were sitting on boxes in front of a grocery store in Paterson, N. J. One of them was knocked senseless. The other exclaimed: "Leggo! I'm comin' right home."—*Burlington Free Press*.

A 3-year-old, who afflicted probably by the hot weather, had been cross and fretful all day, was asked rather sharply by his mother: "What's the matter? I want it to snow." was the child's prompt reply.—*Albany Journal*.

A young physician who had recently hung out his sign came home one day in high spirits. "Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "I'm really becoming quite well known here. The undertakers bow to me already."—*French Fun*.

"Say," observed a distinguished member of Chicago's literary circle, to another, "it's my opinion that this Bacon cipher is a good thing." "Is it?" replied the other greatly interested. "Does it give points on land, too?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

The professor was examining a young candidate in law. The subject being inheritance, he said: "When a nephew inherits money from his uncle what has he to do?" "Nothing in the world, monsieur," except to enjoy himself."—*French Fun*.

A great truth: Lager-beer is a better drink than whisky on a hot day. Another great truth: Ice-water is a better drink than lager-beer on that same day.—*New York Sun*. Still another great truth: And the less you drink of either the better it will be for you.

The Philadelphia Crematory Association has completed its plans for a mortuary bakery. No furnaces will be needed, because the requisite heat for incinerating human bodies will be supplied by storing up the average Philadelphia summer climate in large receivers.—*Life*.

There is a use for cats and a necessity for dogs; circumstances justify babies and throw a halo of extenuation about the milkman and the fishmonger, the "scissy grinder," and the mender of old umbrellas; but he that keeps a peacock within city limits is utterly without excuse.—*Toronto Globe*.

The clever wife of a professor in a western college once wrote in one of those confession books where people put down their opinions on all sorts of subjects, in answer to the question, "What is your idea of a heroine?" "An educated American woman who does her own housework."—*Boston Traveler*.

Employer (to new clerk)—Didn't I see you coming out of a billiard saloon last night? New clerk (frightened)—Yes, sir. Employer—you play billiards then? New clerk—Yes, sir. Employer—Well, after we close up I'll go around and play you a game for the drinks. I'm something of a player myself.—*New York Sun*.

"Hello, Major," said the judge this morning, "I haven't seen you for a week, where have you been?" "Been home sick as a dog," replied the major. "You! Why, you were always as healthy as could be. What in the world made you ill?" Well, I tried to follow some rules on health I saw in the papers."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

There is a good deal of food for contemplation in the remark attributed to a Pacific coast Chinaman. He was taken to see one of the booming new towns, where all the outlying country was laid out in city lots, and he took it all in. When he returned home he was asked what he thought of it, and answered, "Too much by and by."—*Hartford Courant*.

"Nice evening," said a jolly militiaman to the policeman at the corner of Eleventh and D streets last night. "Yes," was the reply; "I am just admiring the stars." "What particular planet are you stuck on?" "Uranus." "I am not." It puts me in mind of the night before last Inauguration-Day when U-ran-us all-in.—*Washington*

LOVE THE ETERNAL.

I dream of thee, O Love, in visions flinging A magic halo about thy saint-like splendor, And bowed I worship thee until I render My soul to thine, until it rises singing Of Love enthroned Where myriad worlds its glorious sway have owned.

I almost died to view a form created From my heart's chaos, till in glory burning, More bright than stars or moons or suns returning, Then com'st to me in darkling snare be-lated.

And drew me to thy sphere, And hallowed me to be thine own com-peer.

Yes, thin for ever, Love, for passion never Dies, nor shall die, although sorrow hidden.

Its splendor changes, like the stars cloud-hidden;

Be bright no more that must be bright forever,

That shall forever shine.

In awful radiance from the bright divine.—[Morley Roberts.

CUP OF COLD WATER.

Shortly after the close of the great war, I travelled on the railway for some hours of a bright, June day, seated beside a young soldier, a cavalryman, from Wisconsin, who was on his way home, with an honorable discharge, after a service of four years. My fellow-traveller proved to be quite intelligent and sociably inclined, and beguiled the way by relating many incidents of the battle-field, and of camp and hospital life. One of the simplest of his stories, told with an appearance of the utmost good faith, I have never forgotten—remembering distinctly every detail, while some of his more marvelous and tragical narrations have quite faded from my mind.

"Our regiment," he said, "was under fire, in the spring of 1862, when he made such good time in getting down the Shenandoah Valley. It was an awful, driving, confused, exhausting, hurry-scurry 'change of base,' but it's curious that I chiefly remember it by a little incident which perhaps you will think was hardly worth laying up, and is hardly worth telling of."

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"Then, Madam, I could see no other face in all the ward, for it was her!"

"I made a few steps towards him, and saw he knew me as well as I knew him, for he fell back upon his pillow, and just turned his face toward the wall. Then the devil tightened his grip on me, till it seemed he had me fast and sure, and he seemed to whisper into my ear: 'Rattle the ice in the pitcher, and aggravate him! Go up and down giving water to all the others, and not a drop to him!'

I signified my desire to hear his little story and he went on:

"I was one morning dispatched, in hot haste, to the extreme rear, with a very important order. As ill-luck would have it, I had to ride a strange horse, as my own had fallen lame. The one provided for me proved just the most ill-natured, vicious brute I ever mounted. I had hard work to mount him at all, for his furious rearing and plunging; and when, at last, I reached the saddle, he was so enraged, there was no getting him on for at least five minutes. With his ugly head down, and his ears back, he would whirl round and round, pivoting on his fore-feet, and lashing out with his hind-legs, till I fancy they must have looked like the spokes of a big wheel. When he found that I was master of the situation, that my hand was firm and my spurs were sharp, he gave in—till the next time; but I knew that he was continually watching for a chance to fling me over his head and trample the mastership out of me.

"I rode hard that day, both because of my orders, and for the purpose of putting that devil of a horse through; but there were many obstructions in the road—marching columns, artillery, army-wagons, and, above all, hosts of contrabands, who were always scrambling to get out of your way, just into your way; so it was noon before I had made half of my distance. It was a hot, sultry, and dusty day. I had exhausted my canteen, and was panting, with tongue almost lolling, like a dog, just as my thirst was becoming quite unbearable. I came upon a group of soldiers, lounging by a wayside spring, drinking and filling their canteens. At first I thought I would dismount, as my horse seemed pretty well subdued and blurred; but no sooner did he

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"I rode hard that day, both because of my orders, and for the purpose of putting that devil of a horse through; but there were many obstructions in the road—marching columns, artillery, army-wagons, and, above all, hosts of contrabands, who were always scrambling to get out of your way, just into your way; so it was noon before I had made half of my distance. It was a hot, sultry, and dusty day. I had exhausted my canteen, and was panting, with tongue almost lolling, like a dog, just as my thirst was becoming quite unbearable. I came upon a group of soldiers, lounging by a wayside spring, drinking and filling their canteens. At first I thought I would dismount, as my horse seemed pretty well subdued and blurred; but no sooner did he

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MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State.

Barnabus C. Chapin died in Jackson Saturday. He was 68 years old and well known throughout the State.

At the State Printing Office, at Lansing, Otto Schrieber, a bookbinder, fell with the freight elevator two floors, smashing and splintering his right leg below the knee. Employes had been warned, on pain of dismissal, not to use the elevator.

At the competitive drill between the two companies of college cadets at Lansing, the colors were won by Company A. Capt. Bates. The judges were Col. Black of Fort Wayne, and Adj't Appleyard, of the State troops. In the individual competition in the manual of arms Corp. J. W. O'Bannon, won the medal.

Quite an event in colored society took place at Grand Rapids by the marriage of Alexander Washington, a man aged 68 years, to Mrs. Harriet Pendleton, aged 72 years. Both are quite prominent citizens in colored society and the match, while the parties are aged, is considered a good one. The attendance was quite large.

The long-continued drought has ruined the potatoes and corn crop near Kalamazoo. Reports from various parts in that region are that farmers are cutting up the stalks of the corn crop so hopelessly lost. Fires have broken out in all directions.

Sunday Lyman Hayden, near Kalamazoo, lost 200 rods of fence and several large ricks of hay, and his large-bearing apple orchard was ruined.

In the same neighborhood another farmer lost 160 rods of fence, and several others over 100 rods. From several localities word comes that forests, marshes, and fences are on fire, and other work is suspended to stay the progress of the flames. Forest fires between East Tawas and Sable and northwest of East Tawas are supposed to have been started by berry-pickers. Every kind of vegetation is suffering from the drought.

Many more visitors were present in camp on Saturday at Island Lake, Brighton, than any day before. The inspection was an exceedingly fine one. The day has been unusually quiet and orderly. A guard of the Fourth Regiment was found off duty and called before his company which promptly voted his discharge. His Colonel approved their action and he was sent home. The quarters of the Emmet rifles whose member was killed Saturday are draped in mourning.

The effects of the long continued drought are more severely felt in Delevan than at any point in the county. All the wells and cisterns have gone dry, and the citizens and farmers for ten miles thereabouts are hauling water from the Delevan water-works wells. A fair idea of the drought may be drawn when it is known that 2,000 barrels of water, which is sold at 1 cent per barrel, are taken away in a single day. Should the supply give out it would result in much loss to stock in that vicinity.

A shooting affray took place at Eaton Rapids Saturday night between John Williams and — Clark. Williams was attending a Salvation Army meeting with his sister, when Clark came in and asked for an introduction, and, on being refused, became very abusive. He left the barracks, collecting a lot of his friends, and, when Williams passed out on his way home, Clark renewed the insult by striking Williams in the face, who instantly drew his revolver and fired, the ball entering Clark's breast just below the heart. He died the following morning. Williams was brought to Charlotte and placed in confinement.

A very clever capture of two jail breakers from Columbus City, Ind., was made at Grand Rapids by the Sheriff. They gave their names as Downey and York, and were enticed into the box car of a freight train on the supposition that they were getting a free ride. The conductor having an idea that they were men wanted. On their arrival here they were locked up and to-night officers from Columbus City arrived to take them back. They are charged with robbing cars on the Wabash Road and escaped Tuesday, coming directly North. A third one of the gang managed to escape, the officer having all he could do to hold the two.

One of the little incidents which sometimes occur to relieve the monotony of courts transpired during a session of the United States Court at Marquette the other day. It seems that the instructions of the department are that remittances from postoffices of a certain class must be made every day. These instructions the former Postmaster at the 'Soo' had failed to observe, and as a couple of his remittances had gone astray the government was suing to recover the amount. Special agents had been over the ground carefully, and had given the offices between the future metropolis and Mackinac considerable attention. One of the Postmasters in charge of one of these offices at the time was one of the jurors called in the case. When asked if he knew anything about the case he dryly remarked that he did. 'The fact is,' he said, 'I have been strongly suspected of stealing that money myself.'

The monthly report of offenders apprehended by the State Game Warden, just completed by W. Alden Smith, shows for the month closing July 27 nineteen violations, of which all were convicted but one, that of a Mr. Bugg, of Mackinac County, who was arrested for killing deer out of season. The violations in detail are: Emil Bonner and John Kinse, of Marquette County, pleaded guilty and paid \$50 each and costs; Wilkes and Frederick Hargraves, of Mackinac County, shipped away deer skin, but on payment of costs sentence was suspended; Wm. G. Marold, of Alcona County, paid \$10 and costs for seizing fish; Wm. Mason and Joseph Bennett, of Saginaw County, each paid \$5 and costs for shooting a snipe; Charles and A. Cronin, of Branch County, pleaded guilty on account of constitutionality of the law. Stephen and Robert Raffenberg and Harry Strong, of St. Joseph County, were fined collectively with costs \$67.12; Charles E. Mix, of Ogemaw County, was released on payment of \$1 and costs, and L. Daniels of the same county, paid \$3 and costs; Charles

Held, of Livingston County, paid \$1 and costs, total \$5, and James Crossman and Herbert Swayer \$2 each and costs. Benton D. Shaw, of Cass County, paid \$10. Richard Ferguson, John Van Korant and S. Hess each paid \$2 and costs; Randolph Grandt, of Wayne County, paid \$7.35 and forfeited his net; while on another complaint he paid \$50 fine; Louis Kosie and W. Kideroski, of Wyena County, \$3 and forfeited the net.

My Old Jim.

During the month of July past, writes a correspondent to the "Forest and Stream," I wing-tipped a solitary crow, whose dusky feathers glistening in the morning sun made too tempting a mark for a lone and disappointed woodcock hunter. My dog ran him into a bush, where he made no little resistance, but soon yielded to the darkening influence which my handkerchief had over his eyes, and as I eagerly folded him to my breast, he succeeded in entwining his claws into my flannel shirt front with a grip not easily disengaged.

Taking him with me to the farmhouse at which I was staying, and examining his wounds, I found that he had been struck by only a single pellet, which took effect in the third joint of the left wing, and amounted only to an ugly bruise, which would probably cause the injured member to drop a little. This being the first live crow that I had ever seen at close range (probably from the fact that I am a city bred boy), I decided to keep the bird, and if possible make a pet of him.

By washing and dressing the wound daily and feeding him out of my hand, we soon became on very friendly terms. I built a spacious cage for his accommodation, but on the approach of autumn, as the nights grew cold and long and the native birds began to migrate, my heart softened as I thought of the possible happiness of which I was depriving my crow, so one beautiful morning in October I threw open the cage door with a "Good by Jim?" and left him to his own inclinations. Imagine my surprise on arriving home at noon when I was greeted with the familiar "caw! caw!" and glancing up into the drooping branches of a willow I beheld, quietly devouring an apple, my Jim, whom I supposed many miles away by that time.

Well, here it is the middle of February, and still he stays with me, dili-gently eluding all my efforts to keep him housed, seeming to prefer taking odds with the sparrows with the thermometer at zero to a comfortable perch indoors. So much for natural instinct. Nor does he confine himself to the narrow limits of the few trees in the yard, as I hear reports of his visiting various places within a radius of a mile or more from home, while on one or two occasions he has spent several days away, but with these exceptions he never fails to turn up and "caw" for his beefsteak and buckwheat cakes. Corn and "sich" have long since fallen beneath his epicurean tastes. Even as I write he is perched among the bare branches of a large birch, with a piece of meat in one fist and an apple in the other, suspiciously eying a group of open-mouthed small boys who are watching him from the sidewalk.

Such is my attachment for him that if he stays with me until spring, I shall endeavor to secure a mate for him.

Without a Nation.

In the "souf," especially in the country regions where ante-war notions still to a great extent prevail, there is much jealousy and ill-feeling between the full-blooded negroes and the half-breed negroes—between the 'black niggers' and the 'yaller niggers,' as the white corner-grocery loungers of these parts call them. Curiously enough, the black negroes profess to consider themselves greatly superior to the mulattoes, notwithstanding the latter's admixture of white blood. They declare that when that gathering together of the nations of the earth spoken of in the Bible takes place there will be no place for the mulattoes and negroes of mixed blood, because being neither white nor black these 'a'nt got no nashan,' and consequently can't be gathered in.

This notion has some hold even 'up north,' as was shown by a scene held the other day by a reporter in Bleeker street says The New York Tribune. There occurred a 'fracas' between a mulatto woman and a negro woman whose skin was of Egyptian darkness. As is the case with most such quarrels, it copiously and abruptly evacuate the bowels. Because it does not do this. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is preferable to the drenching class of purgatives, as it is a safe and effective remedy to remedy chronic constipation. It relieves by invigorating the intestines, and enables, not forces, them to perform the duty imposed upon them by nature. Promoting the secretion of bile in normal quantities by its healthfully stimulating effect upon the liver, it is evidently conducive to digestion, and contributes in no small degree to keep the bowels regular.

"I've done arround yer," said the mulatto, triumphantly.

"Well, ef yer has whup me I'se gwain to ax yer somfin, and ef yer answers dat yer kin whup me again."

"Glang, yer can't ax me nuffin' dat I can't answer."

"Jes you wait, yaller niggah; don't be so brash. Don't yer know dat de Bible say dat de nashuns of the earf's going to be gathered togeder in de last day?"

"Well, den, jes tell me wer you's gwine to be den when Gabriel blows his trumpet? Yer ain't black, and yer ain't white, an' yer ain't got no nashun, nohow, yer an't."

The mulatto woman was at a loss for an answer, and the black woman took advantage of the opportunity to beat a triumphant retreat, occasionally yelling back at her antagonist, "Gwan, yer ole yaller niggah, yer ain't got no nashun, nohow, yer an't."

Peasant shooting is the favorite amusement of the mad King Otto of Bavaria. But no peasants are killed, although His Majesty fancies that he has brought down several. The way they manage the royal sport is very simple. A fine hunting rifle is handed to the King, and he immediately posts himself in one of the windows of his castle. The rifle is loaded with a blank cartridge. A man is hired to post himself in a thicket, and to emerge from it at a given signal. Immediately on his appearance, a royal head is drawn upon him. The King fires; the man falls, and the servant puts him upon a stretcher and carries him off, while his Majesty rubs his hands in delight. The peasant receives his pay, and puts in his application for another job.

A Story of Kaiser William.

Recently the German minister gave a handsome dinner party in honor of the 60th birthday of Kaiser William. The occasion, of course, was replete with incidents of the long and eventful career of this wonderful man.

One of the most interesting anecdotes related by a countryman of the emperor was in regard to his early youth, and which seems to be little known. Since public gambling has been forbidden by law in Germany the votaries of fortune from all Europe who used to fill the hotels of Ems, Baden, etc., have flocked to Monaco. The story runs that Kaiser William, while he was still crown prince and a dashing young officer, entered the cursing at Ems, wearing an overcoat which concealed his brilliant uniform, and approaching the crowded table, placed thereon a coin of small value, about a dollar. With a contemptuous gesture the banker tossed the coin upon the floor, with the remark: "For the croupier!" Again the unknown gentleman threw down a coin and lost, the banker repeating his action and words, to the amusement of the other players. It was then, as now, the custom of the banks to set aside a certain sum each day, and put up a notice of the amount, beyond which they could not play. If their losses amounted to this sum the bank must close.

William glanced at this notice—200,000 francs—quietly remarking that he would play for the whole bank. "Who are you?" exclaimed the dealer, with sudden respect. For reply the future emperor of Germany then opened his coat, displaying the imperial star upon his breast. The cards were dealt, the prince won, and the bank was broken. Taking up the enormous sum, he deliberately dashed it on the floor, exclaiming: "For the croupier!" Then, turning on his heel, he left the apartment.—Baltimore American.

Didn't Mind a Little Thing Like That.

Last Monday while Jake Gibson, a colored brother, was sitting in the forks of an old oak tree on the Ball plantation, near Centreville, eating a watermelon, a thundercloud came up, lightning struck the tree, split it into fragments, and threw Jack many feet away, apparently dead than Hector. Mr. Cain Johnson, "Uncle" Glenn, an old colored man, and others rushed up, poured water in his face, and began to rub him. Just as all hope of resuscitation had fled and his friends had turned sadly away to prepare for the funeral Jack rose up, looked around half dazed, and inquired: "Uncle Glenn, whar's my watermelon?"—Tallahassee (Fla.) Tallahassean.

The proprietor of the "Plain Dealer," Fort Madison, Iowa, Mr. J. H. Duffus, writes: "Two years ago I was cured of rheumatism in my knee by St. Jacob's Oil; have had no return; two applications did the work."

A Dartmouth Relic Injured.

The severe thunder-storm which visited New England last week partially demolished the venerable pine tree at Dartmouth college, now over a century old, which has always played a conspicuous part in the class-day exercises. There is a tradition that the Indians, the first students in the institution, were wont to hold a meeting around the foot of the tree on their graduation and smoke a "parting pipe of peace." The custom has been preserved, and it is one of the most interesting exercises of class-day to watch the graduates smoking clay pipes—many using tobacco for the first time—and at a signal throwing them at the base of the tree and scrambling after the fragments.

The tree will probably recover from its present disaster and be good for many years to come. Hundreds of alumni would mourn the loss of this relic of the early days of the college.—Springfield Republican.

It is to be hoped that Gen. Greeley's experience at the head of the signal service may not make him a kind of weather-vain—Boston Budget.

The colored man of St. Joe who has been sleeping for three days and is not against being roused should be placed on the police force.—Omaha Bee.

Painless Regulation.

It is no longer a question of doubt—although the controversy was once believed—that medicines which produce violent effects are unsuited to other than desperate emergencies. In other words that superstition has led to the adoption of violent and hasty remedies rather than reform and the cure of disease.

Dr. Kilmer's Remedy.

For a Corsetor, Regulator, New-York.

The Heart is the Soul of Life.

Symptoms of Disease.

For the cure of this Remedy is the taken.

Heart-Pains Palpitation Heart-dropsy

Skip-Baths Throbbing Spasms (Fits)

Numbness Purple-Lips Poor-Heart

Skin-Soreness Spasms (Fits)

Hot-Dashes Paralysis Heart-sympathetic

It is solely for the legitimate relief of

the heart, & to relieve all the

symptoms of disease.

It is perfectly cured, and have no trouble since.

I have written to my family, briefly

describing the effects of the Remedy.

It is perfectly safe, and has no side effects.

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1887.

We commend to the attention of our readers the original poem printed on this page, from the pen of a valued friend and contributor in Washington, D. C. Admirable in style, and lofty and ennobling in tone and sentiment, it is worthy of a place among the inspired compositions of English literature.

In the coroner's investigation of the dreadful railway disaster in Illinois last week, the responsibility of the railroad company because of negligence of its agents is pretty clearly shown. The bridge was undoubtedly burned by grass fires which might have been prevented or controlled by proper vigilance on the part of the trackmen. There is no support of the theory that it was fired by robbers. The death roll is not yet completed, but now shows about ninety dead. The train should have passed through this county on the Wabash road last Thursday.

The Free Press thinks that to be consistent the Texas prohibitionists, who would have insisted that their opponents should acquiesce in the decision had the amendment prevailed, should themselves "accept the decree and abide by it," now that the decision is adverse. What strange confusion of ideas prevails in the Free Press columns. That their opponents should obey the law, is what the prohibitionists of Texas would have insisted, had the amendment prevailed, and that is what they will themselves do, now that it did not prevail, and they are thus consistent; and it is what their opponents would not have done except under compulsion, if the result had been different. That either party to such a contest should acquiesce in such a decision to the extent of abandoning effort to reverse the decision by lawful means, is something that nobody claims.

In its editorial columns last week the Ann Arbor Register expressed the belief that a feeling unfavorable to the wisdom of nominating Mr. Blaine for President next year is growing. It is certain that the republican party cannot go into the national campaign with any hope of success, unless the hearty and united support of the entire party for the nominee can be commanded. Mr. Cleveland will undoubtedly be the nominee of the democrats, and he will in our judgment receive the undivided support of his party at the polls. We doubt if there would be as much factional opposition to him from democrats as there was before, and without less of that than we had then in our party it is difficult to see where our hope of sufficient gains could be justified. With a fearless platform that shall be in harmony with the best sentiment of the party, and with a candidate against whom no factional bitterness should exist, there would be no occasion to apprehend defeat; but with a timid and trimming platform and a candidate not approved by the whole party, the chance for a further season of probation would be as good as Andover could desire.

Our sprightly and able contemporary, the Lansing Journal, which is one of the best democratic papers in the state, seems to think the voters of its party sold themselves for money, last fall. It says, "The magnificent contest which Mr. Yaple waged last year for conviction and truth would have ended in a glorious triumph for the people if it had not been for millionaires McMillan's and Stockbridge's shameful use of money." The Journal is severe upon its party.

An attraction quite unique at the county fair to be held at Cambridge, Ill., the first of next month, will be an old settler's log cabin, for the erection of which a grand "raising" occurs this week, attended by surviving pioneers from far and wide. The logs are contributed by individual old settlers, and in memory of those who are dead, and the cabin is to be furnished with all the belongings of the primitive home of early days and whatever ancient relics can be gathered, which are afterward to form a permanent museum. It is a good idea, and will have a historic value beyond the curious interest of the present occasion.

Did St. John take a hand in the Texas campaign? We didn't hear of it. One would expect the chief standard bearer of the prohibition party to unfurl his banner where so important a battle for prohibition was in progress; but he said in a recent speech, "We are fighting the republican party now," and as the republican party is not in Texas he could not go there without neglecting his business.

The Charleston News and Courier says: "The G. A. R. must be made to understand that it must behave or disband." The subject will be considered at the next encampment, and the veterans will decide which alternative they prefer, and let the Charleston paper know. It was good of the News and Courier to allow any discretion at all, remembering how they once treated its directions with disrespect.

In the Kentucky election, the republican vote was some 7,000 more than in 1884, the prohibition vote 8,000 more, and the labor vote 3,000 more than the greenback vote then; while the democratic vote was about 18,000 less than was cast three years ago. But Carlisle and Watterson are still going to read Randall out of their party.

TENNESSEE votes upon the adoption of a prohibition amendment Sept. 29. The prophets who promised success for the Texas amendment should now arise and give us pointers on Tennessee.

TO-MORROW occurs a total eclipse of the sun, invisible in this country. The line of totality, 125 miles wide, begins at Berlin and passes eastward

through Siberia and Japan, ending in the Pacific ocean. United States observers will be stationed at Tokio, Japan, and they can be advised by telegraph of the success of the European observers at Berlin and other stations, before the eclipse shall reach them. Further determinations as to the nature and extent of the corona, of great interest and importance, are anticipated from these observations.

DESTRUCTIVE CIVILIZATION.

Thomas E. Hill, in Hill's National Builder, discusses the cause of our excessive and increasing drouths, floods and tornadoes, and finds the chief explanation in the drainage of the land, and the only hopeful remedy in creating numerous artificial lakes and ponds to restore the depleted evaporation. This subject, the cause and the cure of the drouths and doods that are becoming every year more disastrous, is one that must engage the attention and the efforts of our best scientific men, and of the mass of intelligent people together, if we would escape being civilized into extinction. Certain it is that the meteorological conditions of this country have greatly changed for the worse in the last thirty years, and there can be little doubt that the change is attributable to the altered condition of the land surface which we have produced. Originally, there were swamps and marshes scattered throughout the country, in which the water was held back by the clogging trees and brush and grass, furnishing evaporating surface at frequent intervals everywhere. The result was frequent rains, and comparative freedom from excessive heat, tornadoes, and floods.

Now how changed is it! The swamp is cleared and ditched, and where pond and lagoon once existed, a parched cornfield appears. The marsh is drained and become a drought-scorched meadow. The forests have disappeared and the rains run swiftly down their smoothed surfaces to the brooks, leaving little for the soil. The once tortuous and choked channels of the brooks are cleared and straightened so that their waters can run swiftly away to the rivers; and a tile tube runs through every swale to drain away the water that succeeds in penetrating the soil. The result is scanty rains unequally distributed, producing drouth when they are withheld, and destructive floods when they come, because of the quickness with which the water is collected in the streams; and excessive heat, tornadoes, and other violent storms. This condition grows worse yearly, and it is reasonable to contemplate that we may in this way civilize our country out of existence—make it really uninhabitable, as large regions in Asia, once maintaining dense populations, are now uninhabitable deserts.

The suggestion to create numerous lakes and ponds with the water drawn out by the drainage, seems a very practical and sensible one. Such ponds would have a value in many ways beside tending to correct the serious evil under consideration. Michigan, it is true, is marvellously supplied with small lakes and ponds now, besides the great lakes which surround her; but Michigan does not prepare her own atmosphere altogether. The great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, which have not our wealth of lakes, have all likewise cleared and drained their marshy ground, and in the matter of atmosphere we are all one community. The comparative escape of the eastern states from the excessive drouths which so consume the central and western, is due to the proximity of the vast evaporating surface of the Atlantic ocean, and strongly supports this theory of the cause of drouth here.

Another theory is that the vast multiplication of electric wires, running in increasing bundles across the country in every direction, so modifies the electric conditions of the air as to produce the results we have noted. It is not unreasonable to suppose that this does have an important influence, and it enforces the reflection about the possibly suicidal tendencies of our civilization. We hope the whole subject may receive the careful attention of the National Science Association at its annual meeting in New York, and means be taken to arouse such general popular interest as shall develop the best results of science and inaugurate whatever practical measures shall seem to promise relief.

A MAN I KNEW.

I knew a man whom love of God did bless, Who loved his neighbor with such sweet excess; His face did beam with Love's own tenderness. A meekness rare, displayed with noble grace, Did sit triumphant on that saintly face; A pattern fine to bless the human race. With humble dignity he trod serene The path of duty with a princely mien;— Twixt him and duty nought might come betwixt.

Mark'd in each feature shining Virtue shone; Not proud nor cringing,—suppliant to none, He rendered homage to his Lord alone. He was a friend, whom it was well to know, A friend of his charity made vaunting show;— Who blessed him for the sweetness of his smile.

That came from out a heart that knew no guile, Where secret, honest purpose sat the white. So pure in heart that he his God did see,— The godly fruitage of a godly tree,— In every work of love that set him free. From sin and death, the bondage of the soul. To live again in Christ, a perfect whole, He trod the path of wisdom to her goal. His daily walk, so saintly and so true, Illumed with holy light the things he knew, It shone in all his actions through and through,—

Nor dared he question that the God who blessed should be him before all men confessed; In faith and spirit-calm his soul found rest. And doing well the work his hands did find— Not to the follies of the world inclined— Brought solace of contentment to his mind; And sweetly when his daily work was done, And each full day its busy round had run, Recounted God's great blessings to his son; Then sought in contemplation to engage, Or read from out the Psalmist's sacred page.

The songs that bless mankind in every age, That tell of tender mercies not curtailed, That tell of love that over sin prevailed, The love of God that never yet has failed. His creatures in their daily every need, So often failing of that love to heed. Each evening thus he lovingly did read; Then turning to the Gospels he'd expand

The wisdom and the love and truth profound In Sermon on the Mount, and pass it round; By all his children loved a verse was read Before their mother took them up to bed, And each to her his nicely prayer said, Ah, sweet the memories of those infant days, Those dear, undoubting, friendly, solemn ways, When childish lips were taught their God to praise!

When round the evening fire the circle drew, And each the pleasures of the other knew; And after lessons and some pastimes few, The Bible brought, a solemn hush prevailed, And no impatient wish the calm assailed; The jest and jesting stilled, the silence haled.

The spirit that the Book of Books invoked,

And waked the children who before had joked,

And with each other merry mirth provoked,

Now over all arose, by saintly choice

Deep toned and mellow, clear, that manly voice

So well remembered! Whereat I rejoice

That I can now recall those accents sweet,—

That men's' ear can rise to heaven to meet—

So long now buried in the grave's retreat;

So long all silent and not heard on earth—

(To hear it once my worthless life were worth)

But now above in sphere of heav'nly birth

Proclaiming praises; walking in its courts,

Where love without its dangers nor disposes,

And faith triumphant to the throne resorts,

And does that voice c'er stoop from heav'n to bless

With love's entreaty as the world grows less,

And with that sound my joyful soul exults?

The voice no other ever spoke but he,

Is't dead and lost to all but memory?

Then what is men's' ear if 't is not to be?

Can voices live the ghost of what they were,

Vibrations only of the empty air,

When that which struck the key hath gone no where?

Oh! is it nowhere, what we feel and hear

Which comes so plainly to the inward ear?

That makes sweet memories forever dear?

Are not men then their messengers of love?

Are heart and soul more fitted but to move

The nothings made by motions in a groove

Of plastic brain, were matter, substance,

nought

But atoms, that are nothing without thought,

Made and unmade, but vapor all, unthought,

Unreal, unknown, unfelt and unbelieved?

Are thus the senses and the man deceived?

And what is man, if thus of soul bereaved?

On God in heaven! Oh my very life,

My heart, my impulse to all noble strife,

What art Thou, and this frame with being rift?

And all the countless wonders of this spot,

This speck of matter, this small earthly dot,

Since Thou art nothing, and my soul is not?

My Father stoops, and whispers in my ear;

I know the voice, no other half so dear!

Ever lapse of years can mem'ry speak so clear?

And can it people all my brain with sense

Of things long dead,—of persons gone from hence,

Of whom my spirit even asketh "Whence?"

If they are gone, to be no where, no more,

Why is it that my being goes before

To find them in that region Nevermore?

And how can sense of them remain with me

If they are not and nevermore can be?

Their loving voices heard, their forms I see,

As clearly now as when they took my hand

Before departing to that other land.

The very fragrance of their kisses bland!

Ah that would die with me if they were dead,

And I would die! If all they ever said

Did only move a brain within my head

I would die! That part of this machine,—

A very subtle part, to all unseen,

Where glass and scalpel never yet have been,

That cannot know a friend that's gone before,

Nor hear his footsteps on that other shore,

Nor know his voice,—the voice he had of yore,

Nor feel the breathing of his yearning care,

Nor hear the accents of his godly pray'r,

Nor know the man, in heaven as everywhere,

Is dead! stone dead! though moving on the earth,

A sandy desert of Saba's death,

Without a soul to dream of spirit birth!

Thus have I wandered from my topic blest,

My father's voice, that came in vision's rest,

Not mem'ry merely, to my soul addressed,

Why should I wander from the man I knew,

Who taught us virtue and to vice eschew,

What errors shun, and what of good pursuit?

Ah! I have wandered. But those scenes so dear

Die not within me, with their voices clear,

Of father, mother, sisters, all so near,

What memory is, what life, and what am I,

What all these voices in the earth and sky,

What is it all, if heart and life do lie?

But lie they do not! I am, and my kind

Do live and breathe the breath of life and death

Die not within me, with their voices clear,

Of father, mother, sisters, all so near,

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Die not within me, with their voices



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A measure of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 Wall St., N. Y.

94-96

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so fatigued that I could not work, and was unable to sleep at night. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also received many letters from all over the country, from those who have been suffering from it, to the effect that Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—W. F. Fowler, D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I was taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of a physician, who prescribed a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the preparation. It purifies the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 388 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

Twill drive the Humor from your skin system, and make your skin clean and smooth. These are caused by impure blood, and can be removed by this medicine, if you use it with the greatest regularity.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is not a cure for all diseases, but it is a great medicine, and you will be satisfied.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1887.

AN INVITATION from General Boulanger to Baron Mohrenheim, the Russian minister to France, to pay him a visit is causing considerable comment at Paris.

A PHILADELPHIA barber displays a sign which announces that he is "proprietor of facial decorating saloon, tonsorial artist, physiognomical hair-dresser, and facial operator, cranium manipulator, and capillary abridger."

EASTERN railroads are preparing for a large increase in freight traffic this fall, but even now it is admitted it is doubtful whether the increased equipment will be sufficient to take care of all the shipments it is anticipated will be offered.

THE negotiations for a settlement of the cable war still hang fire. It is announced that the Commercial company has notified the other companies that if an advance is not made to 40 cents a word within a week it will make a cut to 12 cents.

THE Order of American Firemen, which has just been organized at New York, has adopted a constitution which restricts the membership to white men. The color line was drawn, it is said, in order to meet the wishes of firemen from the "new south."

Some one threw a head of cabbage at Ignatius Donnelly while he was making a speech once. He paused a second and said: "Gentlemen, I only asked for your ears; I don't care for your heads!" He was not bothered any more during the remainder of his speech.

A new cookery-book gives the information that originally "man ate nothing, but imbibed nutriment by the osmosis from the air." Upon this theory, the evolution of man has been attended with much inconvenience, and marked by descent from spirit to matter.

A SENSATION has been created at Boston by the desecration of graves underlying Boylston street by workmen of an electric light company, who are digging a trench. A number of bones and skulls have been exhumed, and some of them have been hung up on the fence of the Common.

PAYMASTER DANIEL N. BASH, of the United States army, who was robbed of \$7,300 in Wyoming last March by a cowboy, has been suspended from duty. The investigation of the affair made by a court of inquiry is said to have revealed carelessness and negligence on the part of Major Bash.

GARDEN, Mich., had a narrow escape from total destruction by fire Wednesday. The wind, which had been blowing the flames from a doomed livery stable dangerously near a row of frame buildings, suddenly changed, and the calamity was averted. The fire was started, it is said, by incendiaries.

DURING the first half of 1887 the imports of American wheat into the United Kingdom were 73.5 per cent. of all imports of that cereal, against 60.8 per cent. in 1886, and 60.6 in 1885. American wheat sells in England 8 cents higher per bushel than East India product, and 5 cents than Russian wheat.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective association have just issued their annual compilation of the state laws regulating hunting and fishing, corrected to date. Besides the laws in details schedules are printed with the open seasons for all kinds of fish and game and penalties for catching and killing out of season.

IN SAN FRANCISCO, one night recently, two pugilists were engaged in a prize-fight when the chief of police entered the ring and stopped the exhibition. Then he demanded to see the gloves, and insisted that a round should be sparred in order to assure him of its peaceful character, and, being satisfied, he withdrew and the fight went on.

SARAH BERNHARDT is said to have shocked her dear Paris by emphatically declaring, "I cannot play any more in Paris. You Parisians are too poor, like butter on my bread. So I will have to return to America." Her pet tiger, which she is pleased to call an Algerian black cat, has been fined 100 francs for disturbing neighboring families.

CHARLES APFEL, of New Orleans, La., shot his wife fatally, Friday, and killed himself. The couple had not lived happy together.

FRED HOPT, alias Welcome, was shot to death in the yard of the penitentiary, near Salt Lake City, for the murder of John F. Turner at Park City, seven years ago.

ALEXANDER WALKER, a colored prohibition advocate, was beaten by a mob at Prairie Grove, Texas, last week, and mangled by being thrown against a wire fence. He died Sunday, and his friends claim that saloon adherents murdered him.

A MARRIAGE took place Monday, at 11:30 o'clock, by telegraph from Fort Supply for Fort Sill, Indian Territory, a distance of two hundred miles. The contracting parties were Mr. Clark Smith and Miss Emsey Nason; Joseph Fox, United States commissioner, officiating, and William Garvey and H. F. Ambrose witnessing.

EVERYTHING went lovely, and a full ceremony was given by means of lightning.

AN OATH-BOUND labor organization, known as "The Brotherhood," is said to have gained a large membership in New England. It was founded in May, 1886, and its objects appear to be substantially the same as those of the Knights of Labor, except that its policy is opposed to strikes. The names of its officers, the location of its headquarters, and the extent of its ramifications are carefully guarded secrets.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

The Marblehead Lime Works, south of Quincy, Ill., were burned Saturday. Loss, \$30,000. All the property burned, with the exception of the depot and post office, was owned by the Chicago Lumber Company, of Chicago. Nearly covered by insurance.

The barn connected with the asylum for the insane at Mendota, near Madison, Wis., was destroyed by fire early Friday morning, and property valued at \$29,000 consumed. The inmates of the asylum, which caught on the roof, were frantic, and it was with difficulty they could be controlled.

Hanna, Ill., center of the great hay market, was almost destroyed by fire Wednesday. The flames started from a spark from a locomotive, and burned thousands of tons of hay, hay presses, and other implements. The fire was spreading over the town, when a heavy rain fell, extinguishing it. The damage is very great.

The Kansas City Box Factory was destroyed by fire Wednesday night with \$11,000 damage. James Stuverau, a watchman, perished in the flames.

Root and Heidmann's flour-mill at Elgin, Ill., was entirely destroyed by fire Wednesday night; loss \$5,000.

The fire losses in the United States and Canada during July were \$21,026,500, which is double the average July losses for the last twelve years.

CASUALTIES.

At Montgomery, Ill., early Friday a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy main line freight dashed into the end of a Fox River freight. An engine and a number of cars were wrecked, and four men wounded, two of whom are not expected to recover.

A passenger train ran off a bridge at Albany, Ga., Thursday night, all the cars were wrecked. Thirteen persons are reported wounded, but none killed.

RICHARD EGGLESTON, an 80-year-old farmer of Madison, Wis., was attacked and almost squeezed to death by a spotted adder Thursday. The reptile wound itself around its aged victim and repeatedly struck its fangs into the legs of his trousers, but his limbs being protected by boots, did not reach the flesh. Neighbors killed the adder.

Three men were killed and another fatally injured by the caving in of a shaft in the Ashland mine, near Hurley, Wis., Wednesday evening.

Near midnight Wednesday an excursion train of sixteen cars on the Toledo, Peoria & Western Road was wrecked near Chatsworth, Ill., a locomotive and ten cars falling through a trestle that had been burned by prairie fires. The cars were smashed to splinters, and the sleeping occupants mangled and maimed in a terrible manner. Latest reports place the number of dead at 48, while 115 persons were wounded, many of whom it is feared are reported wounded.

POLITICAL.

JUDGE EDWARD W. PETTUS, of Alabama, is said to have been fixed upon by the President for the existing vacancy on the supreme bench.

A conference of leading republicans was held Tuesday night in Senator Mahone's residence at Petersburg, Pa., at which favorable reports of the condition of the party in the State were received.

Governor Foraker will formally open the Ohio Campaign of 1887 at Caldwell, Noble County, Sept. 7.

GENERAL.

An aged citizen of Mattoon, Ill., named John Goodpasture, attended the funeral of one of his friends Friday. At the gate of the cemetery the old man fell to the ground. Those with him ran to assist him, but he had joined his friend.

The White River Utes are on the war-path, and are in force under the old renegade Chief Colorow, at Meeker, Col., the scene of the great massacre. The whites are abandoning their ranches, and consternation prevails. In a brush between the Sheriff of Garfield County and the reds, occasioned by an attempt to arrest two indicted bucks, one Indian was shot.

The Governor has been telegraphed to for assistance, and the attention of the War Department has been called to the outbreak.

The yacht race for the Boston Herald cup, sailed off Marblehead, was won by the Volunteer, beating the Puritan and the last boat crossing the finish line 14 seconds ahead of the Atlantic.

A canvass of colored sentiment in the south on the school question reveals a strong preponderance in favor of separate schools, although the feeling is that the separation should always be made by mutual consent, and not by law, as proposed in Georgia.

Arrangements are being made at Springfield, Ill., who refused to permit S. B. Turner, colored, editor of the State Capital, to eat in their place, were held to the Circuit Court Friday in \$300 bonds.

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INDUSTRIAL.

There will probably be a strike of all the Knights of Labor employed in the shoe factories in New York and Brooklyn in consequence of the strike that has been in existence against Hanan & Son for months.

An attempt is making to settle the long-standing dispute between the operators

and their employees in the Pennsylvania coal region by arbitration.

The lack of water power at Minneapolis, Minn., reduced the production of flour during the week. The week's product was 130,800 barrels, against 153,440 the previous week. In store at Minneapolis, 3,240,925 bushels; St. Paul, 145,000; Duluth, 1,899,612.

It is believed that if the season continues favorable, the cotton crop of South Carolina will be the largest on record. The rice, sugar-cane and other crops are also of a high average.

Fifty stonecutters at work on the new court-house at Findlay, O., struck for an advance of 25 cents per day. They were receiving \$8.25, and the contractor says he will fill the places of the strikers at those figures.

Men who held two jobs in iron mills at Youngstown, Ohio, have, under pressure of the Amalgamated Association, relinquished one of them, and the strike inaugurated over the matter is at an end.

WASHINGTON.

The president and Mrs. Cleveland will witness the procession of the plated weapons and attend the prophet's ball in St. Louis the night of Oct. 4, and he will leave for Chicago as soon as possible thereafter, reaching Chicago on the 5th. He will go to Milwaukee on the 7th, and the next day will go to Madison, spending Sunday, the 9th, with the postmaster-general.

The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded contracts for furnishing general supplies for the Eleventh Life-saving District, which includes Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, to the following firms: R. A. Robbins, F. Heyman, and S. A. Schomaker, of New York; G. B. Carpenter, of Chicago; Detroit Stove Works, of Detroit, and H. G. Woods of Muskegon.

The National Agricultural Department reports a falling off of 7 points in corn during the past month, owing to drought. Spring wheat is in low condition and oats are slightly under the average, while barley promises an average yield. The loss in potatoes during the past thirty days is figured at 20 per cent. of the prospective crop, while the fruit and hay crops are very poor. The cotton average is good, and the tobacco plant is in high condition, except in Wisconsin.

The sum of \$5,462,000 in 4½ bonds was offered for redemption on Wednesday at the National Treasury. The Secretary accepted the offer of the Suffolk Bank, of Boston, for \$260,000 registered bonds at 1.10 flat. All the other proposals were rejected, as the rates were not considered favorable.

FOREIGN.

Prince Ferdinand's arrival on Bulgarian soil was heralded by the firing of salutes at all military posts.

The prince has issued a manifesto in which he pledges himself to devote his life to the "happiness, greatness, and progress of living people."

The London Times construes Lord Salisbury's recent speech as an emphatic condemnation of the policy of tolerating the Irish National League.

An attempt was made by unknown persons to destroy by dynamite the building occupied by the ministry of the interior at Madrid. No damage was done.

Advices from Honolulu are to the effect

that the new ministry is in complete control. Nominations have been made for Representatives and Nobles. F. H. Hayselein, son-in-law of ex-Premier Gibson, has been arrested for forgery.

The Marine Hospital Bureau is informed that small-pox and yellow fever are raging in Havana, Cuba. During the month of July there were 104 deaths from yellow fever and 112 from small-pox.

The sugar crop of Honolulu will not exceed 100,000 tons this year; for 1886, the crop was 105,000 tons.

The German Catholic of the United States is to erect a memorial-house in New York in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the pope's ordination to the priesthood. The building will be known as the Leo house, and will be used for German immigrants.

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The sugar crop of Honolulu will not exceed 100,000 tons this year; for

I SHALL FIND REST.

A little further on—
There will be time—I shall find rest
anon:
Thus do we say while eager youth invitons
Young hope to try her wings in wanton
fights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest
On some far crag; but soon youth's
fame is gone—
Burned lightly out—while we repeat the
jest
With smiling confidence,—I shall find rest
A little further on.

A little further on—
I shall find rest; half-fiercely we arow
When noon beats on the dusty field and
care
Thrusts to unjoint our armour, and the
glare
Throbs with the pulse of battle while life's
best
Flies with the flitting stars; the frenzied
bow
Pains for the laurel more than for the breast
Where love soft nestling waits. Not
now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest
A little further on.

A little further on—
I shall find rest; half-sad, at last, we say,
When sorrow's settling cloud blurs out
the gleam
Of glory's torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace has been turned then—all
depressed,
Despairing, sick at heart—we may not stay
Our weary feet so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world. We, so
unblest,
Weep not to see the grave which waits
its guest;
And feeling round our feet the cool,
sweet clay,
We speak the fading world farewell, and
say:
Not on this side—alas!—I shall find rest
A little further on.

—[Robert Burns Wilson, in the Century Magazine.]

MADOLINE'S FATE.

BY K. T.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"You have kept your promise," he said, rising painfully and moving towards her. "I pray Heaven I may be able to repay you for your kindness to me some day!"

"Did you not expect me?" she asked, a little reproachful, lest he had not put full faith in her.

"Indeed, yes," he answered gravely.

"If I tell the truth, I must confess I did think you would come back; but why you should I cannot understand, for one of whom you know nothing."

She laughed softly as she lifted the snowy *serviette* from the basket and offered him the cup of soup she had brought hot from the fire.

"Why does it seem wonderful? she asked, glad to see how gratefully he emptied the cup. "Would you not have done as much for me?"

"That would be a different matter altogether. What man could see you in peril and not risk his life, if need be, to save you? But for myself, what claim have I on such compassion?"

"The same. Besides, do you not think it is a pleasure to be able to do something useful for one in trouble? I have wasted so many hours, so many days, doing nothing, helping nobody; now I feel that I am living for some good, and as long as I can help you, I shall be happier than when I had no care in the world."

Her words moved him strangely. She was close beside him, and looking at her with his deep gaze, he took her hand and touched it almost reverently with his lips.

It was a kiss of loyalty, of homage, such as he might have given his queen, and there was a courtliness in his bearing which was not lost upon Madoline.

"My good angel—My Maid of the Mill," he answered, the depth of his soul expressed in a few words: "you are to me like a pure fountain springing up from a scorched desert—a star shining out of a night full of bitter tempest." You have given me hope and strength. I feel now that it is worth fighting to live."

Madoline scarcely comprehended all he meant. She had befriended him in a time of need, and he was grateful. This was the one conclusion she drew from his manner, and she was content to have it so.

Madoline held her point, notwithstanding this reproof.

"It would be hard to convince me it is not an unnatural thing for a father to condemn his own son. He should be the first to forgive him."

"A man forfeits all right to forgiveness when he acts as Ronald Castleton has done. To him should be applied the word unnatural, not to the one who but justly repudiated his villainy. I will go at once and set the men on the watch."

Madoline held his hand so that he could not rise.

But, dad, do you know all the story?

Are you to me like a pure fountain springing up from a scorched desert—a star shining out of a night full of bitter tempest?" You have given me hope and strength. I feel now that it is worth fighting to live."

Madoline returned to the farm, without her mission being discovered, and although, for the rest of day, she was silent and pre-occupied, nobody suspected anything unusual had transpired to take her thoughts from her home, and she was left to dream, uninterrupted, over her secret.

It was not until late in the evening that she had any cause for immediate alarm.

In spite of the sunshine which had made the day so warm, the air grew chilly towards night, and a cheery fire burned in the large handsomely furnished sitting-room, inviting the inmates back round the hearth for a cosy chat.

Mr. Clyde, leaning back in his comfortable chair, was glancing over a newspaper, and near him, bent over some bright-colored embroidery, was his sister, Mrs. DeCourcy, who, since the loss of his young wife years ago, had taken upon herself the duties of a mother to Madoline.

Stern duties they were, too, and the girl had been brought up in such awe of Aunt Esther, that all sympathy between them seemed forbidden, that only a cold relationship reigned instead.

There was a piece of half-finished tapestry-work placed prominently on a table near Mrs. DeCourcy, but although Madoline knew it was put there for her, she let her gaze fall idly over the little pile of wool, and stood restlessly by the window, thinking of the bleak darkness outside, and the solitary prisoner up in the old mill!

"My dear, don't you think you would be better if you came over to the table, and occupied yourself with something? Surely it can not be so amusing to stand in that draught with nothing but a sigh with which to break the monotony. It is really

shocking to see you wasting your time so persistently."

Madoline gave a slight start, and a deeper shade flushed her cheeks, as she moved to her father's side.

"What is the matter, my pet? Has the day been too long for you?"

"Not, but my thoughts had wandered away. I had almost forgotten where I was when Aunt Esther spoke just now."

"You must take a ride with me tomorrow morning," her father said, drawing her down onto a stool at his side, and keeping his arm around her. "A gallop across the country always puts you in spirits. By the way, have you read Lucien's letter?"

She shook her head. The name of her aunt's stepson awoke no pleasant memories in her mind, and in the glowing embers of the fire she still saw the pale sunken features of the stranger, who was suffering alone, where none could hear if he called out in the pain of death.

"I don't know whether your Lucien would have flattered by such a show of indifference." Mrs. DeCourcy remarked with a touch of displeasure. "I believe his one reason for coming is because of you, Madoline—in fact, I may as well be candid with you," she added, without lifting her eyes from her work, and let you know the truth. He is coming in the hope of winning you to his wife."

Madoline looked up in a blank surprise; then after the first shock of astonishment had subsided, she burst into a low rippling laugh.

"How absurd!" she exclaimed, her eyes shining with amusement. "Did he really say that?"

"Is it so very surprising?" Mrs. DeCourcy asked testily. "I can not comprehend why you should consider his resolution in any way ridiculous, unless, of course, you reflect that he is coming rather far out of his way, when there are so many from whom he might choose. A young man in his position does not need to beg for a wife."

"No, Madoline assented, trying to look grave; "therefore he should not come to me."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. DeCourcy said, turning her eyes slowly on her wifelike face.

"Only if there were but one single man in the world, and that man were Lucien, I would not marry him."

Mrs. DeCourcy smiled scornfully.

"You are talking without reason, Madoline. You have not had sufficient experience to be able to judge your own feelings. Lucien is no saint, but you might find many men worse than he—few better."

"Your aunt is right," Mr. Clyde remarked, stroking Madoline's hair, as he laid his paper down on his knees. "Here's a case I have just been reading of a young scoundrel who has been forging his father's name to such an extent as to cause ruin to his entire family. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to a felon's punishment; but somehow he managed to escape before the sentence could be carried out, and there is now a large reward offered for him. Strangely enough, it is in this direction he has been tracked, so I shall tell the men to keep a sharp look-out for all tramps, and if he's found lurking about he will not receive much mercy at my hands."

"Yet he has done us no harm," Madoline said after a silence. "And will not the loss of a son be greater than the loss of a fortune?"

"My dear child, have you not yet learned to distinguish between the laws of right and wrong? Has your education been so painfully neglected? You certainly seem to have formed very strange ideas."

Madoline held her point, notwithstanding this reproof.

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FOR THE LADIES.

A Pretty Bather Nonplussed.

Says an Atlantic City letter: "As I sat to-day in one of the many comfortable pavilions gratuitously provided for visitors, looking at the thousand different bathers—I noticed a young girl in bathing dress, with a fancy, grayish bathing Tam O'Shanter. About every three and a half seconds she would go out into deep water and bashfully reach down as if feeling the bottom for shells. Her companion was a dudish young fellow, with the promise of a light mustache. He did not seem to comprehend the situation, and seemed too modest to question his girl. She, however, continued to stoop down and apparently sound the bottom before going further out. The young man gazed and the girl blushed. It required little penetration to discover that the girl was sorely perplexed. She looked down the coast, then up the coast. She looked at the young man, her escort, and then screwing up her courage, deliberately walked ashore. The thievish breakers had robbed her of both her circular elastic appendages and her stockings threatened, in consequence, to drop off. Hero was a dilemma! No one of the bathers could supply the missing elastic, and there was no time to dilly-dally before miles of spectators. But the girl was equal to the emergency. As her sunburnt face took on a maiden blush, she quietly and modestly removed both stockings, held them in her hands, and then went into deep water. Her escort looked scared, but said nothing. As she came out of the surf, after her bath had been completed, holding in her hands the pair of black stockings, the spectators behind a pair of well-turned ankles, limbs shapely, as white as the blooming cotton. The next day the lady bathed further up the coast, and wore a brand-new pair of pretty elastics, while her bashful escort was conspicuous by his absence. While occasionally a female bather may be seen who discards stockings as unnecessary and unhand-some articles of apparel, the absence of foot covering never fails to create a sensation, particularly when the bather is of a trim, neat figure."

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Concerning the articles recently published about the failing health of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the following note from her own hand can not but be of interest. The handwriting is firm and regular:

"I was 76 on my last birthday, and have all my bodily powers perfect; can walk from three to seven miles per day without undue fatigue; have a healthy appetite, and quiet sleep every night. In view of all these items, I scarcely think that I am a subject for lamentation. I do not lament over myself.

"It is true that I do not intend to write any more for the public. I always thought that authors should stop in good time, before readers stop reading, and I think I may have done my part, and ought to leave the stage to younger actors."

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE."

Fashion Notes.

The favorite reticule is the Marguerite pocket.

The fan of seven sticks is the fancy of the moment.

Lovely tinted ribbons trim dressy morning camisoles.

The frock of white pique is again in favor for little girls.

There is a tendency in Paris toward hats with low crowns.

Dotted fabrics are as fashionable as plaited or barred stuffs.

The latest shade of blue-green takes the name of wave blue.

The neck is dressed as high as ever in spite of the hot weather.

The Norfolk is the favorite jacket for little girls as well as little boys.

Rows of white Chantilly and Valenciennes lace are worn by French women this summer.

Mitts of silk take precedence of gloves on all except very dressy occasions at the moment.

Pin head dotted white muslins are revived for young girls' wear. They are worn over colored slips or white ones over colored muslins.

Some exquisite camisoles or morning sacques for house wear are made of embroidered muslin in "all over" designs, with borders to match.

Two favorite patterns are the Pom-pelican and the Pois Medina. The center of the first is filled in with large square blocks and the border surrounding it is of triangles. The second is composed of medium-sized balls, around which are twined myrtle leaves. Another much-used pattern is the Caprice, which has a perfectly plain center and is surrounded by large flowers. One of the most expensive patterns is the Hirondelles. This linen is most fashionably marked. The border is a design of rocks out of which are growing cat-tails, while in the center are small swallows. The birds are exquisitely wrought. The feathers on their wings are so true to nature as to stand out in a fluffy mass. The cost of a set of these, including a table-cloth and a dozen napkins, reaches \$100.

In some instances the linen is embroidered, and this increases the price \$14 or \$15. A late craze is for cipher monograms, and nearly all the linen sent out is embroidered that way. Some of the larger families still stick to monograms, while others of the elder stock insist upon having their coat-of-arms embroidered thereon. The best French tablecloths and napkins are nearly all woven at Sierrre, in France. The work is done entirely by hand. The dax from which the linens are woven come mostly from the neighborhood of Contrai in Flanders, where a fine variety is raised. It is so long and slender as to require support while growing."

Domestic Service in England.

We had a most genial landlady, says a London letter, whose own personalty formed no small portion of our enjoyment, and while she regarded us with the tinge of respect and deference always shown by tradespeople in England to those they consider their superiors, or people of leisure, she was nothing loath to chat with us of an evening or at 5 o'clock tea time about the people of the place, "old times" there in the great houses of the neighbourhood, and "her young ladies," as she called a very elderly spinster and a sweet-faced middle-aged widow, came often to the wool shop, being received with a richeva of jewels or a Greek fillet that just touches the top of the forehead and describes a straight line to the back of the head. The whole effect is very close, and no additional hair is required. —*New York Sun.*

Novelties in Jewelry.

The favorite flower designs are now used in belt buckles.

Toilet articles of oxidized silver in heraldic designs are much used.

A new ornament for the hair is a large oxidized silver ball set in an ornamental base.

Silver match-boxes are ornamented with gorgeously-colored imitations of fishing "flies."

Necklaces of silver beads are becoming fashionable. They have much the effect of pearls.

A silver anchor entwined with small flowers in enamel of natural colors, is the newest idea in lace pins.

Cylindrical porte bonheur bracelets are ornamented with a four-leaf clover in green enamel with a diamond center.

The tiger-eye is a stone which is much used in men's jewelry. An owl carved from this stone is a favorite watch charm.

One of the latest fads affected by Albany young ladies is a craze for "memory" canes. The young lady's attendant, whom or constant, as the case may be, is expected to furnish the necessary ducats for the purchase of some pretty but rather light and ornamental gentleman's walking-stick, something to suit the whim of the fair one, and the process thereafter has much in common to the one simulated by femininity to secure bangles for a

TALMAGE.

Christian Principles Involved in Life and Fire Insurance.

The Responsibility Resting Upon the Great Companies—Mans Duty to His Family.

Let him appoint officers over the land and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years.—*Genesis xii, 4.*

These were the words of Joseph, the President of the first life insurance company that the world ever saw. Pharaoh had a dream that distracted him. He thought he stood on the bank of the river Nile, and saw coming up out of the river, seven fat, sleek, glossy cows, and they began to browse in the thick grass. Nothing frightful about that. But after them, coming out of the same river, he saw seven cows that were gaunt and starved, and the worst

The Ypsilantian.

The Belleville Campmeeting.

Violation of Contract Causes the Association to Take Earnest Measures.

The campmeeting of the Detroit District of the Methodist church, at Belleville, closed on Monday. The attendance through last week was better than at any previous meeting on that ground, and with more cottages it would have been still larger. All of the cottages were occupied, and some new ones built. The Sunday attendance was less than in former years, owing to the rain, but the troublesome element did not stay away.

Some unpleasantness was caused by disregard of the terms of the contract on which the ground is leased by the campmeeting association. The conditions prohibit the sale of tobacco on the ground, and all huckstering on Sunday. There was complaint two years ago that Mr. Ingersoll, who has possession of the property by lease of the farm and thus succeeds to the rights and obligations prescribed in the original lease of the campground, violated those conditions; and his promise was then required and given that such violations should not continue, as the condition on which the ground would be occupied this year. That promise was entirely disregarded, and a stand was kept running upon the ground last Sunday, at which pop, peanuts, melons, tobacco, etc., were freely sold; and just outside the gate, in the land leading to the grounds, cigars and tobacco were sold, and the entrance was blocked by a crowd of smoking and disagreeable people, to the great scandal of the worshippers. All of that selling was in violation of the law of the state as well as of the written and verbal agreements under which the ground was occupied.

Public attention was called to it by Presiding Elder McElroy, Mr. Springer, and others, on Sunday, and it was denounced as an invasion of the rights of the worshippers and a violation of contract for which the association was not responsible and to which they would not submit. On Monday a business meeting was held, and resolutions adopted reciting the grievance and declaring the contract broken by Mr. Ingersoll's conduct, and therefore void; that the association could not be a willing party to such violation of law and desecration of the Sabbath, and that they would therefore require of Mr. Ingersoll a written agreement to refrain from the sale of everything on the campground on Sunday except meals and lunches in the boarding house, with a bond of \$200 for its faithful observance; and that in case of his refusal the association would hold no more meetings there, and as individuals they would refuse to attend any meeting that might be held there. The Presiding Elder was requested to select three ministers and two laymen, who should form a committee with himself as chairman, to select a site for a district campground and report to the trustees at their next meeting. If necessary to secure freedom from such annoyance, the association will buy or lease ground elsewhere, and Mr. Ingersoll will find himself in the position of the greedy individual who killed the fowl that laid the auriferous egg.

A Great Military Event.

Chicago is to have an international encampment and prize drill, Oct. 1 to 20, on a scale unexampled in this country. Prizes amounting to \$42,000 are offered in sixteen classes—for battalion, company and individual contests in the various arms, bands, etc. United States troops and marines will be present, and a general officer of the army will be in command. Invitations to the foreign governments of the world are extended, and the attendance of several foreign companies is already promised. Prizes range as high as \$3,500. Here is a chance for the Michigan troops.

Saline.

The Saline Arbeiter Society hold a picnic at Bassett's Grove the 24th.

The Presbyterian S. S. gave an excursion to Detroit yesterday.

The M. E. S. S. give a picnic at Bassett's Grove to-morrow.

The I. O. G. T. Lodge disbanded and the amount in the treasury invested in ice cream.

Several took in the game of ball at the Ridge the 13th.

It was decided by a large majority the other day (on the streets in Saline) that any body who would go fishing would fall the biggest lie.

Fannie Sanford of Hamilton, N. Y., is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Sanford, on Henry street.

Ed Beckman is home from Dakota.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fowler on the 13th a girl baby.

A. M. Clark has gone to Ypsilanti to try the mineral water.

Bert Ward of Clinton is visiting Bert Gillen.

Sam and Peter Weinert and their sisters Mrs. R. W. Mills and Mrs. John Smith were called to Peoria, Ill., to attend the funeral of their brother who was killed in the railroad accident.

Pittsfield.

Misses Eloise and Ida Crittenden are spending the week in Chautauqua. Having finished the prescribed course of reading they are members of the Chautauqua graduating class of the present year.

Mr. Pomeroy and family of Cleveland spent Sunday as the guests of Mr. F. D. Rathfon.

Deacon Canfield has returned from New York.

The literary society on Independent street had a social last Friday evening.

The Pittsfield Union Sunday School had a picnic next week.

Report says F. D. Rathfon will remove to the city soon.

Max Robbins is spending a few weeks in Detroit.

Frank Morgan and family of Howell spent part of last week with his mother.

Harvest Excursions.

The Great Rock Island Route (C. I. & P. R'y) will sell Aug. 30, Sept. 20 and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion tickets at ONE FARE THE ROUND TRIP to principal points in Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota—limit 30 days from date of sale. For tickets or further information address.

E. A. HOLBROOK,
Gen. Ticket and Passenger Ag't.,
Chicago, Ill.

"AT EARLY CADLE-LIGHT."

ROBERT MCINTYRE.

When the circuit-riders spoke it, the good old phrase
Grew fragrant with the odor of the old heroic days.
For my heart was warm within me, down my weary face it ran
Slowly, glist'ning, as I listened to the gray-haired pioneer.
But my happiness went from me when he bent a text to cite
That said the heavenly city has no early candle-light.

I know the moon is lovely, when the whimsy
Of clouds of cloud
Like plente purple furrows, with a share of silver plowed:
And the early wind low kneeling, on the prairie with so cold,
Dull the ocean of sun is blowing into flames of ruddy gold,
And pools of light are sweeping through the teakdyke of night,
But 'tis not so hushed and holy as the early candle-light.

Sweet is the taste of moon in summer, when through the lattice blearly seen,
The ruined rose that clammers where the cool clematis grows:

And the sun across the uplands takes the buds
Up upon the plowers,
And the drowsy cattle wading browse the buds
In filled meres.

And the hawks in blue gyres sweeping up the early candle-light.

But my soul is not soothed like the early candle-light.

I sit and picture eve in Eden, when not a leaf does stir:

And every song grows silent, hushed each bird of the bower:

When through the quiet twilight, down a path of paradise,

To the gate comes bonny baby Katie, with welcome in her eyes,

And, like a red pearl, lifts the latch of Jasper bright,

As she used to do, and leads me through at early candle-light.

SHE LOVED MUCH.

MARIA U. DRAKE.

When I am dead,
And friends speak low, and come with quiet
To look their last upon a still, sad face
That now hath found a grace—
Death's sweet release—
O'erself I lay with calm of perfect peace—
All this at last they see—
What will they say of me?

They can not say:
She made such light and sunshine round our way—
We meet great ease, and can not bear the days
Such as we are on their accustomed ways;

There is no sweetness left,
Since of her presence glad we are bereft—
No, no; it can not be
They will say thus of me.

They can not say:
Such girls were hers, the world will pause to

Tea words of praise—sweet tribute due
To one so blessed—and, bravely true,
So worthy of her trust;

Sleep well, beloved, the great world will be

I know it can not be
They will say thus of me.

As last they can not say:
She was so good, so pure in heart alway.

Her holy life was our true guiding star;

We can not see God's mercy—angels are
So plente of here;

But, but, but, and that they could not spare.

Alas! it can not be
They will say thus of me.

Dear friend, I make one claim,
When o'er my bier ye think of all the blame
Of this poor life, remembering the grief—
—God's sweet relief—
Say, as he said of such a soul—she loved much—
And this is all; it shall suffice
Ye can say thus of me.

THE OLD HOME.

It sleeps beneath the sunny hill
As in a tranquil dream;

The giant elms are spreading still
Above the meadow stream.

Wild birds that join in music sweet

And quiet sleep and comfort heat

Birds of the forest boughs.

All day among the scented grass

The cricket leap and sing pass

Like swallows on the wing.

How calmly in the sheltered nook
The summer hours may go,

Yet bright and joyous as the brook

That sings with deeping bowl!

O world, with all thy cities' pride,
Thy plains and valleys green,

Thou hast not in the bound'ries wide

So sweet, so fair a scene!

MY OWN SHALL COME.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Serene I hold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;

I have no more 'gainst time nor fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my hush, I make delays,

For what avails this eager pace?

I stand amid the eternal ways,

And what is mine shall know my face.

Sleep, awake, by night or day,

The friends I seek are seeking me;

Nor wind can drive my bark astray,

Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?

I wait with joy the coming hours;

My heart still beats where it was born,

And gather up its fruits and tears.

The world knows their own and draw

The brook that springs on yonder hill;

Shows the good with equal law

Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come rightly to the sky,

The tidal wave unto the sea;

Not time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,

Can keep my own away from me.

DISILLUSION.

BY MARY W. PLUMMER.

MORNING.

Come, sweet, the world is wide; so hand in

Let us fare forth to win our victories.

The world is queen of beauty and of love,

As in the old, bright days of tournament;

And I will wear thy colors in my heart,

And on my breast the seal of visible

Of the world's great and small before I fall

All shapes of evil that infest the light.

Then, when the jousts are ended and the

giantes sit proudly upright in thy place,

And while the world is wondering, all agaze,

Lo! at thy feet thy garments shall be laid;

For half my strength is thine, being, being

From thee

And that all the made my dun'st unwarlike strife,

Unheeded, untrumped, uncrowned.

My strength is weak beside thy steadfastness,

And there take refuge. If thou cherish it,

Then to have failed, and yet to win thy smile,

Ah, love, is victory beyond desire!

NOT AS I WILL.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,

With unknown thresholds on each hand;

The darkness deepens as I grope,

Afraid to test the type;

For I have only one thing I learn to know

Each day more surely as I go,

That doors are opened, ways are made,

Burdens are lifted or laid

By some great hand, and still

Unfinished purpose to fulfill,

"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;

Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;

Too heavy burdens in the load,

And too few helpers on the road;

And too many trials, trials so strong,

And years and days so long, so long!

Yet this one thing I learn to know

Each day more surely as I go,

That doors are opened, ways are made,

Burdens are lifted or laid

By some great hand, and still

Unfinished purpose to fulfill,